

# POEMS

~~Recited~~ O N ~~Tragedy of Sir Walter~~

Several Occasions.

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By Mr. SEWELL.

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L O N D O N:

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Where may be had, *The Tragedy of Sir WALTER*  
*RALEGH*, By Mr. Sewell, Price 1 s. 6 d.





# THE PREFACE.



*N* Author, when he is collecting his Poetical Thoughts together, makes as silly a Figure, as a Sinner when he is casting up the Account of his own Follies : But as both one and the other must be done at some certain Season of Life, I have laid hold of this, as the most proper and useful to my self, not without some Regard to the Reader, who is to be my Judge, and acquit or condemn me, as he pleases. But as in the Law every Man is allow'd to speak for himself, tho' he may make but a sorry Defence, so there are Privileges of Speaking which Writers claim, that they are as proud of, and will stick as close by, as the Commoners of Great Britain do to Magna Charta.

I shall begin with a frank Confession, that I have been a sad Offender in the Way of Writing; but we are all apt to palliate our own Crimes, and I have to plead in Excuse, that not a Fifth, no, nor a Tenth Part, of what has been attributed to me, are Transgressions of mine. Common Fame, that common Deceiver, has given me the Scandal of many Things I never read, and the Honour of others which I could have envy'd the proper Writers. Upon the Ballance, I find she has been too lavish of her unworthy Gifts, and too sparing of her good Word. Now the Day of Account is come, I desire the genuine Fathers to call Home their own Issue; for I can no longer be the Dutch Hospital-Basket to receive and cherish all their Vagrants. If this will not pass with the Town, I humbly desire they would take the fair Method of Trial, and judge, by the resembling Features to whom the Offspring belongs. I have heard an ingenious Clergyman, who has a Living not far from a Synagogue, say, that his Parish-Officers always judge of the Foundlings by their Complexions; and a swarthy Hue and Black Eyes are sufficient Evidences to them to call the Infant Abraham, or Jacob, or some Jewish Name. Now, if any Christian or Heathen Author has been pleas'd to lay his Follies at my Door, I beg, in the Name of Charity, that he would step to the next Parish; for I have enow of my own to keep, and make me asham'd to.

There

## THE PREFACE.

There is another Artifice which the Town has long complain'd of, and by which I have been no little Sufferer. This relates to that Political Fraternity the Booksellers, who can make a Man Author of a long Book, when perhaps there are only four Lines quoted from his Writings. These Gentlemen transfer Fame, as some People do Stocks, without a Penny of Money in their Pockets; or as Roman Catholics do good Works, score up so much to a poor Sinner, and deduct it from Saint Any Body who has enough to spare. Thus a Man may be in Wales, and yet at the same Instant penning an elaborate Treatise in London: He may be asleep, and when he goes to the Coffee-house the next Morning, find, by the News-Papers, he has been writing all that Night, and ten before; and to prove it, there is his Name in Capitals, Printed for, &c. All reasonable Men, I believe, will think it very strange, that one Fellow may lose his Life for making that poor Jest of forging Hands, and another get an unpunishable Sum of Money by forging Names. But enough of this, and as Shakespear says,

So let the stricken Deer go weep.

In the Course of a Man's Life he commits a thousand silly Things he would labour to forget; it is the same in Writing, and I have many great Names to justify Omissions of this Kind. Methinks it is an unreasonable Curiosity in the Reader, to expect more from an Author than

than he is willing to allow them; this is putting Things on the Level of Trade, and exposing a-bundance of Ware, but when, perhaps, the Seller knows there are but one or two that will strike your Fancy. For all this, the World is so ungenerous, that, say what we can, they will interpret for us, reproach us for what we have condemn'd our selves, and think it hard if they have not the ill-natur'd Pleasure of blaming us twice for the same Fault. But why should we not take the same Liberty with our own in this, as in other Cases? It is no Crime to add, diminish, or alter, in all other Circumstances; but in Poetry, alone it is disallowable; and the Rule of Horace, misapplied, seems sacred here;

—Poetis

Non Homines, non Di, non concessere co-lumnæ.

I have but a Word or two more to the Reader. He will easily perceive, that it was not my Choice to be drawn into the Press in this Manner; but when I knew it would be done, I was forc'd to make the best Apology I could, and this I have done with a strict Regard to Truth.

In this Collection there are no Pieces, but what were the Result of the Occasions, unprompted, unsolicited by any, and therefore are most likely to contain the real Thoughts of the Author. If an Indifference to Profit be any Pretence to Merit, there are some which have a  
long

## The PREFACE.

vii

*long Time pass'd as of dubious Fame, which he might have claim'd to his Advantage. As he never oppos'd any Man out of Spite or Prejudice, so he never made an unworthy Court to any out of Interest: He took Matters as they lay to his own View, or from the Information of others whom he had Reason to believe; ever affecting the Humility of an easy Life, more than the Gain and Pleasure of a troublesome one. It may seem ridiculous to talk so of a Man's self; but this Preface is a Sacrifice to Truth, as well as a Reply to Censure, otherwise it had not been written by*

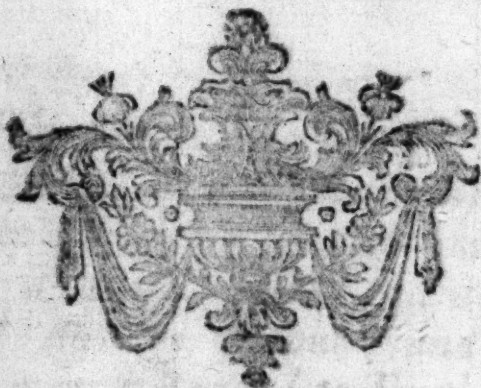
G. SEWELL.



POEMS

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P O E M S



# P O E M S

O N

## Several Occasions.



To his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, upon  
his going into *Germany*.

*Written in the Year 1712.*



O, mighty Prince, and those great Nati-  
ons see,

Which thy victorious Arms before made  
free;

View that fam'd *Column*, where thy Name engrav'd,

Shall tell their Children who their *Empire* sav'd.

Point out that *Marble*, where thy Worth is shown  
To every grateful Country, but thy own.

O Censure undeserv'd! Unequal Fate!

Which strove to lessen *Him* who made *Her* great;

Which, pamper'd with Success, and rich in Fame,

Extoll'd his Conquest, but condemn'd his Name:

But Virtue is a Crime, when plac'd on high,

Tho' all the Fault's in the Beholder's Eye.

Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Wars,  
Flies from no Danger, but *Domestick Fears*.

Leaves busy Tongues, and lying Fame behind,

And tries at least in other Climes to find

Our Rage by Mountains and by Seas confin'd:

Yet, smiling at the Dart which *Envy* shakes,

He only fears for *Her* whom he forsakes;

He grieves to find the Course of Virtue crost,

Blushing to see our Blood no better lost:

Disdains in factious Parties to contend,

And proves in Absence most *Britannia's* Friend.

So the great *Scipio* of old, to shun  
 That glorious Envy which his Arms had won,  
 Far from his dear, ungrateful *Rome* retir'd,  
 Prepar'd, whene'er his Country's Cause requir'd,  
 To shine in *Peace* or *War*, and be again admir'd.



B 2

THE



*The Favourite :*

A

S I M I L E.

*Written in the Year, 1712.*



WHEN Boys at *Eton* once a Year

In military Pomp appear,

He who just trembled at the Rod,

Treads it a *Heroe*, talks a *God*,

And in an Instant can create

A dozen *Officers* of *State*.

His little *Legion* all assail,

Arrest without Release or Bail :

Each passing Traveller must halt,

Must pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.

You

You don't love *Salt*, you say ——— and *Storm* ———  
 Look o'these *Staves*, Sir ——— and *Conform*;  
 But yet this *Sun*, that shines so bright,  
 In *sable* Gown will set at Night,  
 And Morn return with College Appetite.

Thus the *new Favourite* in his Plumes,  
*New Manners* and *new Airs* assumes:  
 He who before was at your Whistle,  
 Begins to bully, frown, and bristle;  
 And to his Band of hireling *Tartars*  
 Gives *Pensions*, *Places*, *Titles*, *Garters*;  
 His Schemes, his Projects, all must be,  
 A Law to *Bob*, his *Grace*, and *Me*:  
 His Friends stand close, and aid his Pow'r;  
 What, don't you like him? ——— to the *Tow'r*.  
 You swear 'tis strange ——— but let this Fume  
 In busy Play itself consume:  
 See him chagrin at last retire  
 To a *Welch* Farm and Country Fire;

With

With this to comfort fallen State,  
The Time has been when he was Great.



## ANACREONTIC.

**I**S it Summer? Wine produce,  
Give me the kind recruiting Juice:  
No Day must now a Draught escape,  
No Day but helps to bring the Grape.  
Soon as the tender Blossoms shoot,  
Drink to the future promis'd Fruit;  
And when to swell the Gems begin,  
Drink to each increasing Skin;  
Drink to ev'ry different Hue,  
The red'ning Green, and glossy Blew;  
And when the rip'ned Loads appear,  
Drink to the full accomplish'd Year.

When Nature now has done her Part  
Fill again ——— Success to Art ———

See, see! the happy Work dispos'd,  
 The fuming Vessels now are clos'd:  
 Come, drink, that *Winter* may refine  
 And purify the new made *Wine*,  
 The Product now of former *Suns*,  
 That in a due Perfection runs.  
 The good *Old* Cask, of brighter Hue,  
 Must show what Fate attends the *New*.  
 Let the Elder Brothers Dye,  
 That Younger may their Place supply:  
 Away with moral Cant and Reason,  
*Wine* is never out of Season.





# TWO EPIGRAMS

OF

## ANACREON.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Upon TIMOCRITUS.

**T** *Imocritus* the Bold, the Great, the Brave,  
Kill'd in the *Field*, here triumphs in the *Grave*.

The *Valiant* often Dye in martial Strife;

The *Cowards* Live, their Punishment is Life.

\*\*\*\*\*

Upon a Statue of MYRO's representing an  
Ox.

**F** EED, Cow-Herd, feed thy Oxen far away,

Lest they too nearly should to *Myro's* stray,

And thou, whose Judgment pardonably err'd,

Drive Home the breathing Statue with the Herd.



Translations from *Lucan*,

Occasion'd by the

Tragedy of *CATO*.

The Character of *CATO*. From *LUCAN*.  
BOOK II.

Written in the Year 1713.

*LUCAN*, in this Description of *CATO*, had  
as strict a Regard to Truth as any Historian.  
His private Life, the Simplicity of his Man-  
ners and Habit, his Notions of Philosophy,  
and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently  
painted.

— *Hi mores, hac duri immota Catonis*

*Sec̃ta fuit.*

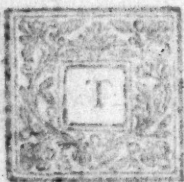


Here *Cato's* Morals were, and this the Kind  
Of His rough *Sec̃t*, and His severer Mind,

A due proportion'd Medium to attend,

And think, while Living, to respect his End;

To follow Nature, and observe her Laws,  
 To pour His Life out in his Country's Cause;  
 From mean Ideas, to enlarge his Mind,  
 Nor think his Actions to Himself confin'd,  
 Nor *Cato* born for One, but *All Mankind*.  
 He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense,  
 A happy *Epicure* in Abstinence;  
 His House, to keep out Cold, alone did seem;  
 Convenience was Magnificence to Him.  
 Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore,  
 Such as His *Sabine* great Forefathers wore :  
 Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express,  
 This was His *Pomp* and *Gaiety* of Dress:  
 He sought the Pleasure of a chaste Embrace,  
 For One great End, to propagate his Race:  
 Severely Honest, Just without Allay,  
 Studious the Common Good alone to weigh.  
 At once Discreet, and fond in ev'ry View,  
 His Country's Husband, and Her Father too.



Him *Brutus* found with wakeful Care oppress'd,  
The Publick Good revolving in his Breast :  
Big with the Fate and Destiny of *Rome*,  
Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom.  
Fearful what each might Act and each Endure,  
But unconcern'd, and for *Himself* secure.

O ! wou'd the Gods above and those below  
In Mercy hearken to their *Cato's* Vow,  
And on This willingly devoted Head  
All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed !  
For *Rome* of old her *Decii* could fall,  
In one Illustrious Ruin saving all :  
That thus I might this single Life expose,  
To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes !  
O ! against Me may both their Hosts engage,  
Set up the happy Mark of Publick Rage :  
Hither fly ev'ry Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,  
And ev'ry vile *Barbarian* Arm strike Here.

I wou'd sustain each Individual's Share  
 Be pierc'd; be gor'd, by ev'ry Murderer there;  
 And all their Wounds in bleeding Transport bear;  
 Could but this Blood for her Preservance spill;  
 Redeem the Nation, and atone her Guilt;  
 Could this one Sacrifice prevent her Doom,  
 And quit the Score between her Gods and Rome.



*A Description of the Field of Battel, after  
 CÆSAR was Conqueror at Pharsalia.*

From the VIIth Book of LUCAN.

**T**hen dire *Pharsalia's* Plain all breathing Blood  
 Call'd forth the Wolves and Tygers from the Wood,  
 And gorg'd the Lyons with her horrid Food.  
 Each left his common Prey, his Fellow-Beast,  
 To riot on a more luxurious Feast;  
 The Bears forsook their Caves for this Repast,  
 And Dogs obscene ran howling o'er the Wast;

All

All Animals that scent the Tainted Air,  
Of Smell sagacious, came exulting there,  
The Birds that wont at Battels to appear,  
Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear,  
Came numberless; The Kinds that us'd of old  
To change for milder Nile the Thracian Cold,  
Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight,  
And wing'd their Western Way with later Flight.  
Never such Flocks of Vultures heretofore  
Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er,  
Nor such uncommon Weight the loaded Ether bore.  
Each desolated Wood sent forth her Kind,  
The Wood now lab'ring only with the Wind;  
All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd,  
And Roman Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd.  
Oft on the impious Standards which they bore  
Trickled in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore;  
Oft as the Vulture, weary'd out with Toil,  
Her Talons weaken'd, and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,

Shook her wet Pinions in the Airy Space,  
 The scatter'd Blood his *Triumph* to disgrace,  
 Fell from on high, and stain'd the *Victor's* Face.  
 Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,  
 This Sepulchre, this living Grave obtain,  
 And, by the Beasts, converted into Food,  
 Or harden into Bone, or flow in Blood;  
 The Beasts themselves their inner Bowels spare,  
 Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care;  
 Nicely the Limbs they Taste, reject, and chuse,  
 And more than half the *Roman* Host refuse.  
 Whatever Coarces in the Field they find,  
 Touch'd by the Sun, or Tainted by the Wind,  
 They careless pass, and leave disdainfully behind.





Upon Mr. ADDISON's CATO.

**L**ONG had the *Tragic Muse* forgot to Weep,  
 By modern *Operas* quite lull'd a-sleep:  
 No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was clear,  
 Thus Sense was sacrific'd to please the Ear.  
 At last, † *One Wit* stood up in our Defence,  
 And dar'd (O Impudence!) to publish——Sense.

Soon then as next the just *Tragedian* spoke,  
 The *Ladies* sigh'd again, the *Beaus* awoke.  
 Those Heads that us'd most indolent to move  
 To Sing-song, *Ballad*, and *Sonata* Love,  
 Began their bury'd Senses to explore,  
 And found they now had Passions as before :  
 The Power of *Nature* in their Bosoms felt,  
 In Spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.  
 When

When *Cato's* firm, all Hope of Succour past,  
 Holding his stubborn Virtue to the last,  
 I view, with Joy and conscious Transport fir'd,  
 The Soul of *Rome* in one Great Man retir'd:  
 In Him, as if She by Confinement gain'd,  
 Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher strain'd,  
 Than when in Crowds of *Senators* She reign'd!  
*Cato* well scorn'd the Life that *Cæsar* gave,  
 When Fear and Weakness only bid him save:  
 But when a Virtue, like his own, revives  
 The Hero's Constancy——with Joy he lives.

Observe the Justness of the Poet's Thoughts,  
 Whose smallest Excellence is Want of Faults:  
 Without affected Pomp and Noise he warms,  
 Without the gaudy Dress of Beauty charms.  
 Love, the old Subject of the Buskin'd Muse,  
 Returns, but such as *Roman Virgins* use.  
 A Virtuous Love, chastis'd by purest Thought,  
 Not from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold  
Your former Wits, and all your Bards of Old :  
*Johnson* out-vy'd in his own Way confess,  
And own that *Shakespear*'s self now pleases less.  
While *Phæbus* binds the Laurel on his Brow,  
Rise up, ye *Muses*, and ye *Poets* Bow :  
Superiour Worth with Admiration greet,  
And place him nearest to his *Phæbus* Seat.



D

UPON



UPON

His Majesty's

ACCESSION.

Inscrib'd to His Grace

*John Duke of Marlborough.*

Written in the Year, 1714.

*Quo nihil majus meliusve terris  
 Fata donavere, bonique Divi;  
 Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
 Tempora priscum.* Hor.

WHAT? Are at length the doubtful Nations  
 freed?

Does Britain smile again, and GEORGE succeed?

And

And no new SPENSER touch the silent String :  
No HALIFAX Inspire, nor CONGREVE Sing?  
Not thus Ye promis'd, O! Ye Sons of Fame,  
Pleas'd with the distant Glories of his Name,  
With num'rous Monarchs in Successive Train,  
And Sons of Heroes down from Reign to Reign,  
Celestial Progeny! — And now ye view  
In your own GEORGE that Scene of Wonders true:  
Begin then, Muse, to these auspicious Days  
Assert thy Right, and pay thy votive Lays.

*Queen* of the Ocean, fair *Britannia*, rise;  
From leaden Bands of Sleep unseal thy Eyes.  
Awake to Glory: Be as once before,  
When *William* stretch'd thy Fame from Shore to Shore,  
And taught thy Foes to fear no greater Name,  
'Till in accomplish'd Time a *Brunswick* came:  
O! True Descendant of a Royal Line,  
In whom at once the Saint and Hero join;

Born to retrieve a sinking Nation's Fate,  
And raise her high in Virtue, as in State;  
To urge her Conquests in a Righteous Cause,  
And give Eternal Sanction to her Laws.

Blest be the Guardian Angel of the Isle!

That this fair Branch transplanted from the Soil  
That nurtur'd it with Care in Foreign Climes,  
Free from the sickly Taint of *British* Crimes,  
To re-translate it to the Land at length,  
In fuller Honours and maturer Strength,  
So (for tho' different our Sense they strike,  
The Works of Providence are still alike)  
When swelling Ocean above Ocean rose,  
To purge the Guilty World of all her Woes,  
One chosen House, by Miracles immur'd,  
The Great Rewarder of their Faith secur'd;  
From whom a better Race of Men should spring,  
The Holy Patriarch, and the Scepter'd King.

Just Heaven! we now forgive thy vengeful Hand,  
For all the Plagues that scourg'd an impious Land;  
For all the felt in long Inglorious Reigns,  
Oppress'd with Rebels Arms, and Tyrants Chains;  
Since from their Errors we are taught to know  
What Duty Subjects, and what Princes owe:  
And *Britain* can with equal Pleasure see  
Her Monarch Glorious, and her People Free.

Dear Spot of Liberty! Fair Virtue's Seat!  
On this Foundation Thou art truly Great;  
Thus safe at Home, thy Pow'rs increase Abroad,  
The Main is Freed, the Continent is Aw'd.

See! See already how thy swelling Fame  
Spreads thro' the World in this Auspicious Name;  
See how the Nations gather round, and own  
The Rising Terrours of thy *George's* Throne.  
Contending Monarchs their Debates suspend,  
To court his Friendship, and his Smile attend;

So early in their Praises they appear,  
 As they would emulate his *Britains* Care;  
 States adverse to the Name such Honours bring,  
 As if they wish'd at least for such a King.

How chang'd the Scene! how diff'rent is the View  
 From what of late our doubtful Country knew!  
 When, sick and wanton with successful Pride,  
 Ungratefully her Blessings she deny'd:  
 Amidst her Glories at her self repin'd,  
 And the dear Purchase of her Blood declin'd;  
 Beheld the Waste of Providence with Pain,  
 And flung all back upon its Hands again.

Then all her Warriours Hearts at once grew cold;  
 Full in the Heat of Victories controul'd;  
 Then, at the Momentary Point of Fate,  
 When Tyranny was nodding to its Date,  
 A sudden Sickness seiz'd the trembling Land,  
 Envy prevail'd, and shorten'd *Marlbro's* Hand.

He went, the *Voluntary Exile* went,  
And left th' Ungrateful Island to repent;  
While Faction's Statesmen, careless of her Grief,  
Indulg'd their Feuds, and brought her no Relief;  
Till He, like some bright Star, appear'd again,  
The Glorious Harbinger of *George's* Reign.

Forgive, Great Sir, the Muse, that dares allay  
With any backward Gloom this brighter Day:  
Perhaps the Work, for *Marlbro's* Arm too Great,  
Was kept for You by a peculiar Fate:  
And sure Heav'n seem'd of Old design'd to grace  
With some such signal Act thy Fav'rite Race;  
Which early in its own Defence it chose,  
To purge its Altars, and Reform its Foes.

They soonest pierc'd the *Church's* darksome Gloom,  
And snatch'd *Religion* from the Chams of *Rome*;  
Taught *Bright-ey'd Faith* to soar above the Skies,  
And leave her Legends, Venerable Lies;

Then *Superstition*, of a motley Hue,  
 With all her Idol-Saints and Gods withdrew;  
 While Hood-wink'd *Ignorance* her Reign resign'd,  
*Reason* resum'd her Empire o'er the Mind.

Thus They: And still amid Thy Gen'rous Line  
 New Heroes flourish, and new Patriots shine.  
 Successive Scenes of Glory strike our Eyes,  
 For Greater Actions Greater Spirits rise;  
 'Till Providence, collecting all its Might,  
 Bid *You* go forth, and Conquer in its Right;  
 \*Snatch Hosts of Martyrs from the Threat'ning Grave,  
 And from the Flames a Thousand Temples save.  
 The Barb'rous *Infidel* with Rage beheld  
 The *Cross* Triumphant, and the *Crescent* Quell'd.

Then Just Prefages Thy *Germania* drew  
 Of future Wonders to be done by *You*;

And

---

\* Siege of Vienna,

And soon whate'er Her boldest Hopes conceiv'd,  
Thy Counfels acted, or thy Arms atchiev'd.

Behold ! how *Gallia*, Formidable Name !

Revives Her ancient Arbitrary Claim :  
That Tide, by *Nassau* check'd, with greater Force  
Rolls back, and covers Nations in its Course :  
Again his sinking Country calls his Sword ;  
Again She calls, and is again Restor'd.

Enough, Great Prince, is given thy Native Land ;  
Twice Sav'd and Rescu'd by thy Powerful Hand.  
Now to the Voice of other Nations bend,  
Wide as the World thy Saving Aid extend :  
In *Britain's* Kings all Countries claim a Share,  
For so before they blest'd Her *William's* Care :  
And now His Kingdoms, and his Virtues too,  
(The best Succession) are devolv'd on You.

O ! may the Land, all Storms of Envy past,  
Be just unto that *Hero's* Shade at last ;

Pay ev'ry Honour to His Altes due,  
 While we with Joy and Admiration view  
 How much He lov'd Us by His Choice of You.

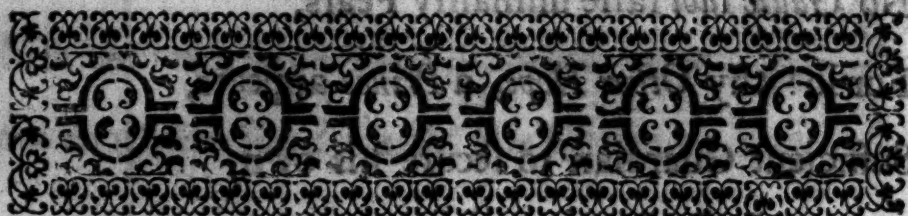
*Thee*, Great Reformer of a Vicious Age,  
 Healer of Discord, and of Civil Rage,  
 All Tongues with emulating Pride confess,  
 Divided Nations own, and Factions Bless.  
 Monarchs long seated on a Peaceful Throne,  
 By Acts of Mercy and Indulgence known,  
 Scarce such Affection from their People gain,  
 As *Thou* possessest, now *You* Begin to Reign.  
 Safe in our Prince's Piety we scorn  
 To make our Duty wait the slow Return,  
 Till Time and Gratitude shall bid it burn:  
 Their Zeal can never rise too fast, who know  
 They cannot Pay so much as they shall Owe.

No more, *Britannia*, shall thy Scepter stand  
 Doubtful of each succeeding Master's Hand;

No *Gallic* Idol raise unmanly Fears,  
 For lo! thy *Other Hope*, a *Prince* appears,  
 Sufficient Guardian to secure his own,  
 And to Posterity confirm his Throne;  
 While the Young Hero forms our Gen'rous Youth  
 To *British* Valour, and to *German* Truth.



REVEREND



# V E R S E S

To His GRACE

The Duke of *Marlborough*,

Upon the REBELLION in 1715.

ONCE more, Great Prince, in shining Arms  
 appear,  
 And draw that Sword which *Galla* us'd to  
 fear:  
 All other Nations have thy Succour known,  
 The last great Task is to Relieve thy Own.  
 Afflicted *Europe*, when she sought thy Aid,  
 The Price of Liberty in Glory paid;  
 But Duty here no Foreign Motive needs,  
 It is enough to Thee——that *Britain* bleeds:  
 Ungrateful *Britain*! Prodigal in Ill,  
 To thee Ungrateful——yet thy *Country* still.

Go, Mighty Chief, and draw thy Vet'rans forth,  
 Lead them to Conquest in the Frozen North;  
 O'er barb'rous Wilds and Mountains spread thy Name,  
 That ev'ry Clime may share in Marlbro's Fame.  
 Go, teach the Rebel \* who his Sov'reign Braves,  
 That thy Hand Punishes, as well as Saves;  
 That George in Virtues Great, by Nature Good,  
 Would free the stubborn Slaves—without their Blood;  
 But since the giddy Rout for Slaughter calls,  
 By his own Choice the wilful Traitor falls.

Such Transient Storms have rose in ev'ry Age,  
 The rash Results of dying Faction's Rage.  
 A While these Meteors terrible appear,  
 And fill the Weak, and Ignorant with Fear;  
 The Wise, undaunted on their Course attend,  
 Knowing their Rise, they calculate their End.  
 Pretended Kings, and Prophets, are the Test  
 By which we judge of, and Obey the Best.

Then

---

\* Earl of Marr.

Then, Britain, give vain Terrors to the Air,  
It is the Traytor's only to despair.

When thy great Hero arm'd to Vengeance rose,  
Who ever trembl'd—but his Country's Foes?  
Already Justice walks, Guilt flies away,  
Leaves her own Land in others to betray;  
And only now the Refuse Rabble wait  
A Nobler Death, unworthy of that Fate,  
Honour'd by Marston's Victory—A Fall  
That might become a Roman, or a Gaul.





*This is a very rare piece*

# EPISTLE

T O

*Joseph Addison, Esq;*

Occasion'd by the Death of  
the Right Honourable *Charles*, late  
Earl of HALIFAX.

*Written in the Year 1715.*

**A**ND shall great *Halifax* resign to Fate,  
And not one Bard upon his Ashes wait?  
Or is with him all Inspiration fled,  
And lie the Muses with their Patron Dead?  
Convince us, *Addison*, his Spirit reigns,  
Breathing again in thy Immortal Strains:

To

To thee the lift'ning World impartial bends,  
 Since *Halifax* and Envy now are Friends.

Me deeply smit with Love of Nature's Laws,  
 The Vital Union and Dissolving Cause,  
 His Worth transports beyond this fleeting Frame,  
 To tell how Dying Patriots live in Fame;  
 Virtues like his the meanest Bard can raise;  
 And 'tis Ambition but to strive to praise.

When Scenes of Action are obscure and low,  
 Nature moves silent, and advances slow;  
 Defers to distant Days, and Ages fit,  
 'The Pow'rs of Genius, and the Fires of Wit.  
 She suits her Times of Wonder to her Men,  
 And to a *Cæsar* gives a *Virgil's* Pen:  
 When Toils are destin'd for the Brave or Wise,  
 A *Nassau*, and a *Montague* arise.

Yet

Yet Virtue often, fullen and retir'd,  
 Shines to her self, nor cares to be admir'd;  
 Distrusting Fortune, or by Fears betray'd,  
 Round her own Merit casts an Envious Shade.  
 The Patriot-Soul with warmer Notions fir'd,  
 Or by some secret Providence inspir'd,  
 Waits with Impatience for the Publick Voice,  
 And owes his useful Greatness to his Choice;  
 Ev'en when excluded from more noble Views,  
 Some lower Tract of Glory still pursues.  
 Thus Philip's Son, Arbela yet unfought,  
 With the Great Stagyrite in private thought:  
 Thus Julius once to Eloquence laid Claim,  
 And Halifax first chose the Poet's Fame.

O Addison! assert the Poet-Race,  
 And save the Kindred Muses from Disgrace.  
 Say, by the Pow'rs of heavenly Numbers taught,  
 How Monarchs govern'd, and how Heroes fought,

When yet *Morality* in Verse was sung,  
 And Lyres by none but hallow'd Fingers strung;  
 When Bards unpractis'd in the Arts of Praise,  
 Flatter'd no Tyrants in their servile Lays,  
 And scorn'd to gild in prostituted Rhimes  
 An Ox—d's Treasons, or a Bourbon's Crimes.  
 They chose their Themes like *Halifax* and *You*,  
 Selected Spirits, and the Virtuous *Few*,  
 Who founded Laws, or banish'd Faith restor'd,  
 Or for their Country drew the righteous Sword;  
 Fit Objects to employ the Voice Divine  
 Of *Cato's*, *Nassau's*, or of *Brunswick's* Line.  
 Fir'd with these Names the Muse ambitious towers,  
 Fond of her Theme, forgetful of her Pow'rs;  
 But soon she falters, and to you resigns  
 The Rival Majesty of *Virgil's* Lines;  
 Content, if her inferior rude Essays  
 Hurt not his Ashes, whom they meant to praise.

Ye murm'ring Sons of *Phæbus*, call no more  
 The Banks of *Helicon* a barren Shore;  
 The Gods their Favourites thence to Honours bring,  
 And kindly raise them on the Muses Wing.  
 There *Montague*, with secret Rapture warm'd,  
 At *Charles's* Urn the list'ning Shepherds charm'd;  
 So much the God indulg'd the youthful Lays,  
*Spenser* might own the Song, and *Sidney* praise;  
 So well he shar'd the Character he writ,  
 The gentlest Manners, and the strongest Wit.

Succeeding Days require no pious Strain;  
 For ah! what Tongue can sing when *Tyrants* reign?  
 Who wake the String, or tune the sprightly Reeds,  
 To Notes of Pleasure, when his *Country* bleeds?  
*Apollo*, then no more thy Sons inspire,  
 Then blast the Hand that dares provoke the Lyre,  
 Or stain their Actions with unhallow'd Rhimes,  
 And *Bavius's* and *D—y's* damn their Times,

But see! the Clouds of *Romish* Night disperse,  
 And *William* gives a brighter Theme for Verse.  
 As a brave Champion half his Force conceals,  
 'Till he some new uncommon Impulse feels.  
 Then meets an Object worthy of the Fight,  
 And puts forth all the Wonders of his Might;  
 His Foes stand trembling, and his Friends admire,  
 Where slept the hidden Strength, and secret Fire;  
 Thus *Halifax's* Muse, 'till *William* came,  
 Check'd half her Vigour, and restrain'd her Flame.  
 Then soaring boldly with no middle Wing,  
 O'er Earth and Seas persu'd the Godlike King;  
 Fill'd with new Fury ev'ry glowing Line,  
 And found a second *Zanthus* in the *Bayne*.

Ye Pow'rs! how just, how num'rous is that Song!  
 How rich the Fancy, and the Vein how strong!  
 The hurry'd Reader with the Poet flies,  
 Yet looks on all he pass'd with longing Eyes:

At ev'ry Prospect equal Passions burn,  
Pleas'd, he proceeds, yet wishes to return:

Here, Britons, see what diff'rent Spirit reigns  
In free-born Muses, and in slavish Strains;  
Observe how artful Boilers sweat and toils,  
To plume his Demi-God with borrow'd Spoils;  
From *Cæsar*, or *Æneas*, steals a Grace,  
And forms from ancient Draughts a modern Face.

While *Montague* secure, without Controul,  
Fix'd on the Greatness of his Hero's Soul,  
Trusts to his Theme his Numbers to inspire,  
With proper Raptures, and Poetic Fire.

But, Sir, methinks I hear you check the Song  
That dwells upon his meanest Praise too long,  
And bid me trace, with a superior Quill,  
The Patriot's Wisdom, and the Statesman's Skill.

O! take the mighty Task, for *You* alone  
 Can charm in Language equal to his own;  
 Describe him form'd with ev'ry Grace to please,  
 Excessive Spirit, Flattery, and Ease.  
 Expert in wise Assemblies to preside,  
 The doubtful Senate's Oracle and Guide,  
 Whose Eloquence, without the formal Art  
 Flow'd, to convince the Head, and warm the Heart,  
 Say, when fierce Murmurs, and Contention rose,  
 (For Virtue finds in ev'ry Reign its Foes)  
 His Soul an equal Firmness still maintain'd,  
 Compos'd their Tumults, and their Heats restrain'd.  
 Or paint Him watchful over future Fates,  
 The Turns and Moments of contending States;  
 Directing where *Britannia's* Sword should sway  
 Her dreadful Edge, and where her Thunder play  
 Consulting still in each important Aim,  
 His Country's Safety, and his Monarch's Fame.

These Publick Actions be thy juster Choice;  
 Then, *Addison*, inspire some second Voies,  
 To trace his less ambitious Scenes of Life,  
 Retir'd from Noisy Crouds, and Civil Strife;  
 Where the free Soul unbends her self, to please  
 In Social Virtues, and in Letter'd Ease;  
 Where chearful Looks, and friendly Speech give Birth  
 To wise Enjoyments, and *Socratick* Mirth.

For ever, *Hampton*, Sacred be thy Tow'rs,  
 Spring fresh thy Greens, and flourish thick thy  
 Bow'rs;  
 There, still defended by indulgent Skies,  
 The Warriour's Wreath, and Poet's Garland rise;  
 These Scenes with deep Regard, Ye Sages, grace;  
 Ye Bards, with solemn Honours mark the Place,  
 Raise it as high in Ages yet to come,  
 As *Chaucer's* Grove, or *Tully's Tusculum*.

Then, while Posterity their Acts display,  
 The Gen'rous *Briton* shall with Rapture say,

These

These Shades, absolv'd from War, Great William  
 fought,  
 And Halifax in those Recesses Thought.

When Sixteen barren Centuries were past,  
 This Second Great *Mæcenæ* came at last;  
 In whom Example and Protection join'd,  
 All Sciences improv'd, all Arts refin'd,  
 And made our stubborn *English* Sense submit  
 To the just Culture of *Athenian* Wit.

To Thee, Bless'd Genius! thy *Britannia* owes,  
 That Learning in a purer Channel flows;  
 That Vice no more the Price of Virtue reaps,  
 Nor modest Want in silent Sorrow weeps;  
 That Glory courts the Wise, the Good, the Strong,  
 And only virtuous Merit lives in Song.

Rest then, Great Soul! secure of deathless Fame!  
 Bless'd be thy Dust, and sacred be thy Name!

Be it invok'd in all our future Lays,  
 With lasting Honour, and Religious Praise,  
 'Till Cato's Works with Liberty expire,  
 Or Newton's die in falling Worlds of Fire.



NON  
 the number of the Ungrateful and Uncompassionate to  
 his Eminent Accomplish.



ON THE  
*Death of the Young Prince.*  
 Advertisement.



ONG POEMS, and such we are mostly visited with, seem design'd as the utmost Line of the Author's Sense, and the Bookseller's Profit.

THE following, is an Attempt to write only so much as is proper, without diversifying Thoughts and Images twenty Ways, and yet keeping one Design in the Reader's Eye.

IT was written, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in the Heat of Sorrow, and on an Occasion which speaks for it self; and at a Time when too many seem insensible of the Consequences, which, perhaps, are really more mournful than they may at present appear.

IT suffices me, because I desire to be exempted from the Number of the Ungrateful and Uncompassionate, to say, His Saltem Accumulem.

VERSES



# VERSES

TO

Her Royal Highness

THE

PRINCESS of WALES.

Occasion'd by the

*Death of the* Young PRINCE.

**F**AIR Royal Mourner! hear the Pious Muse  
 Condole that Sorrow which none dare accuse.

Those Tears which from the Source of Nature flow,  
 To publick Losses we more justly owe:

Now, not to Grieve, were *Treason*, and would prove,  
Not want of *Pity*, but our *Country's Love*.

O *Fairest Light* ! O lost in early Morn !  
Child of a Nations Wishes : *British-Born* !  
How at Thy Birth (as when some new-form'd Star  
Shines, the pure Arbiter of guilty War)  
*Britannia* hop'd to see her *Factions* cease,  
And drew Prefages of her Future Peace !  
On Thee the rugged Brow of *Party* smil'd,  
And look'd, and lov'd the Reconciling *Child* :  
Thy Cradle join'd all disagreeing Minds,  
So the rough Stones the softer Cement binds.

Fond *English-Mothers*, full of *English-Joy*,  
Stood near, and gaz'd with Wonder on the Boy ;  
Then thinking on their Own, at once confest,  
Their Pride diminish'd, and their Country blest.  
' Happy ! they cry'd, the Womb from whence He sprung !  
' Happy the lovely Neck on which He hung !

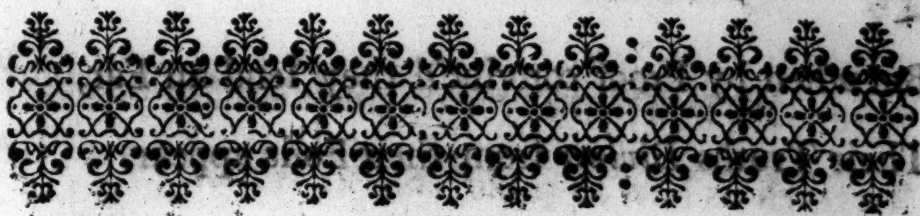
' New Joy and Rapture ev'ry Bosom Fire,  
 ' But most transport the *Mother* and the *Sire*;  
 ' The *Mother* and the *Sire* still Fruitful Live,  
 ' Long, very long, such Yearly Blessings Give !

Here, old in War, the hardy Soldier came,  
 Saw his Eyes lighten with a Hero's Flame.  
 Such He remember'd were the lucky Signs,  
 And such the Promise of his *Father's* Loins,  
 When *Britain's* Empire could not be Divin'd,  
 And *Audenard* was only then design'd.

But Oh! when to a Pitch our Wishes rise,  
 Pride casts a Mist before our guilty Eyes:  
 We think not what we merit, but in Haste  
 Grasp the new Joy, and use it all to Waste.  
 Thus for our Guilt the *Royal Infant* bleeds;  
 The *Royal Mother* weeps for *British* Deeds.  
 Unworthy of the Flow'r, as soon as bloom'd,  
 Heav'n its own Gift in Anger has resum'd ;

Just shew'd him to the World, then snatch'd him hence,  
 To teach us how to prize *Another Prince*.  
 Were not our Crimes all black, of deepest Grain,  
 The pious *Mother* had not su'd in vain.  
 The *Fair* Attendants on her Woe declare,  
 How the Saint wrestled with Her God in Pray'r!  
 How humbly Mournful! how intensely True,  
 On Wings of Fire Her Soul's Devotion flew!  
 How watch'd the tedious Night in lengthen'd Sighs!  
 And saw the Morning Sun in Tears arise.  
 The Gates of Mercy still remain un-storm'd,  
 The *Mother's* and the *Christian* Part perform'd.  
 She must Resign!—and so She patient will,  
 Yet keep the *Mother* and the *Christian* still.

The *Patriarch* thus, when Heav'n reclaim'd aloud,  
 The Son it gave, the destin'd Off'ring vow'd,  
 And, faithful to his God, in sad Obedience Bow'd.



To the Author of a NOVEL, entitled,  
The AMOURS of BOSVIL and  
GALESIA.\*

**C**ondemn me not, *Galesia*, Fair unknown,  
If I, to praise Thee, first my Error own;  
A partial View and Prejudice of Fame  
Slighted thy Pages for the *Novel's* Name:  
Methought I scorn'd of Nymphs and Knights to dream  
And all the Trifles of a *Love-Tale* Scheme;  
Poor dry *Romances* of a tortur'd Brain,  
Where we see none but the Composer's Pain.  
Thus I, by former Rules of Judgment led,  
But soon my Fault recanted as I read.

So by false *Seers* misdoubting Men betray'd,  
Are often of the real Guide afraid;

But



None here is like thy false Dissembler found,  
All Pity Thee but He who gave the Wound.

And yet the perjur'd Swain, *Galesia*, spare,  
Nor urge on Vengeance with a hasty Pray'r ;  
Tho' much He merits it, since all agree  
Enough He's Punish'd in his losing Thee.





To Dr. R-----y, on his Marriage with  
Mrs. M----y W-----s.

**W**hile Joys unnumber'd all thy Soul possess;  
While Friends congratulate, and Parents  
(bless;  
Each striving with officious Joy to prove  
How much you Merit, and how well you Love;  
Fain would my Heart increase the friendly Strain,  
And bring the Muses where the Graces reign.

Awake, ye Loves, to *Wormly* All repair;  
For Beauty's solemn Festival is there.  
There see a Better, purer *Venus* rise,  
And light your Torches at her brighter Eyes.

Spread all your *Wings*, and hover there with *Pride*  
O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.

She kind and gentle, as the rising Light ;  
 He strong, and as the Mid-Day Splendor bright :  
 She soft, as are the clasping Ivy's Leaves ;

He like the Oak, to which that Ivy cleaves.

*Spread there your Wings, and hover there with Pride*

*O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.*

In him behold the Manly Virtues join'd,

The Sacred Arts and Sciences refin'd ;

The virtuous Breast with early Knowledge fraught ;

The Gaieties of Wit, and Depth of Thought,

In her the Graces of the gentler Kind,

Whiteness of Soul, and Innocence of Mind ;

The lively Spirit, and the graceful Ease,

That ever pleasing, ever knows to please.

*Spread, Loves, your Wings, and hover there with Pride*

*O'er the best Bridegroom, and the loveliest Bride.*

Ye happy Parents, bless your prudent Care ;

For sure no other Arms deserv'd the Fair :

But when our Souls are warm'd with virtuous Fires,

A certain Providence the Choice inspires.

Well then ye finish'd what his Hand begun,  
And pick'd from Thousands this more worthy Son,

O! may the lasting Flame still brighter Burn;  
May the bless'd Day with fuller Joy return;  
While in each Breast a secret Transport glides,  
To see the *Mother's* Name succeed the *Bride's*.





*On the Death of Mr. HAWTREY.*

**A**S when the King of Peace and Lord of Love  
Sends down some brighter Angel from Above,  
Pleas'd with the Beauties of the heav'nly Guest,  
A while we view him, in full Glory drest;  
But he, impatient from his Heav'n to stay,  
Soon disappears, and wings his airy Way:  
So did'st thou vanish, eager to appear,  
And shine triumphant in thy Native Sphere.

Yet had'st thou all that Virtue can bestow,  
What the Good practise, and the Learned know,  
All that the Soul to Extasy inspires,  
When lost in Love she pleasantly retires,  
Such Transports as those heav'nly Mortals share,  
Who know not whether they are mounted there,  
Or have brought Heav'n to meet them in a Prayer.

How shall I praise? How make thy Virtues known?  
 By every Tongue commended but thy own?  
 Strong were thy Thoughts, yet Reason bore the Sway;  
 Humble, yet Learn'd; tho' Innocent, yet Gay :  
 All Autumn's Riches in thy Spring were found,  
 And blooming Youth with Hoary Wisdom crown'd;  
 Yet tho' so fair thy Flow'r of Life began,  
 It wither'd e'er it ripen'd into Man.

Thus in the Theatre the Scenes unfold  
 A thousand Wonders glorious to behold;  
 And here or there, as the Machine extends,  
 A Heroe rises, or a God descends;  
 But soon the momentary Pleasure flies,  
 And the gay Scenes are ravish'd from our Eyes.

Ye Sacred Doors, his frequent Visits tell,  
 Thou Court where God himself delights to dwell;  
 Thou Mystick Table, and thou Holy Feast,  
 How often have you seen the Sacred Guest?

How

How oft his Soul with Heavenly Manna fed,  
His Faith enliven'd, while his Sin lay Dead?  
O may the Thought his Friend's Devotion raise!  
O may he Imitate as well as Praise!  
Awake, my heavy Soul, and upward fly,  
Speak to the Saint, and meet him in the Sky,  
And ask the certain Way to rise as High!





# PSALM the VIth

## PARAPHRAS'D.

**L**ORD, when thy fearful Indignation Burns,  
 And all thy Mildness into Anger turns,  
 When Mercy sleeps a while, and Justice wakes,  
 And Vengeance on the Trembling Sinner takes,  
 O! then, O! then, thy Triple Scourge forbear,  
 Thy *David*, O! thy guilty *David* spare.  
 I bend already to the galling Yoke,  
 Weak is my Body, and my Bones are broke;  
 My fleshy Fabric, *Lord*, is all unsound,  
 O! pour thy healing Balm into my Wound;

Uneasy Thoughts sit heavy on my Breast,  
My Soul is with the mighty Load oppress'd;  
But, *Lord*, how long wilt thou deny me Rest?  
How long shall I unto my *God* complain?  
Turn thy redeeming Hand, O! turn again:  
I sink, I sink into the dismal Lake!  
Save me! O save me for thy Mercy's Sake!  
On this side Death thy pitying Ear I crave,  
For who remembers thee within the Grave?  
Can the mute Tomb its thankful Off'rings raise,  
Or breathless Clay grow eloquent, and praise?  
Repeated Sighs my sickly Body wear,  
And strong Convulsive Groans my Entrails tear;  
My Tears perpetual as the Night-Dew fall,  
Water my Couch, and wash my Bed with Gall;  
Sorrow has all my Blood and Spirits drunk,  
My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are sunk.  
My taunting Enemies around me boast,  
Deride my former Strength, and Vigour lost;

But haste away! ye impious Scorners, fly,  
 The Lord in Pity has observ'd my Cry;  
 The Lord again his bended Suppliant hears,  
 Grants his Petition, and receives his Tears:  
 My scornful Foes shall tremble at his Name,  
 And in their sudden Flight confess their Shame.





TO THE  
Lady *Worthley Montague*  
W—y M—e,

UPON HER  
P O E M S

Being publish'd without a Name.

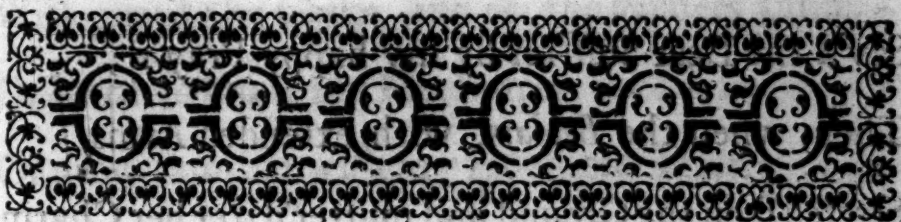
**N**O Critick's Wit, or Censure can accuse  
Unbrib'd Applauses to an unknown *Muse*;  
The Worth of Praises bears one certain Mark,  
And, like good Deeds, are truest in the Dark:  
Had we beheld the Beauties you possess,  
We might give *more* — and yet *You* merit *less*;

Coxcombs and Fops might say, to our Disgrace,  
We writ not to your Head — but to your Face.

Such Praise is yours, as when some *Angel* sings,  
Hiding his Heavenly Form beneath his Wings,  
We know not whom to thank, yet ravish'd, hear,  
And call the Soul to listen at the Ear.

Great Minds are Secret; but the Vain stand forth,  
And call the Publick to commend their Worth;  
Strangers to Pleasures of a Soul refin'd,  
They love *Fame's* Trumpet for the Noise, and Wind.  
Thus *Insects* play and hover in the Light,  
While the bold *Eagle* mounts beyond our Sight.  
Thus Streams in Subterraneous Channels glide,  
Yet paint the Meadows in their Summer Pride;  
The Swain unknowing mows the fertile Green,  
And reaps the Blessings of a Pow'r unseen.

The



The Fifth ELEGY of the First Book of

~~THE BARONS.~~

*Tibullus*

TO DELIA.

**I**N a Hot Fit I boasted I could bear  
 A Woman's Anger, and despise the Fair :  
 But Coward I, am all unmann'd again ;  
 A sudden Frenzy works my madding Brain.  
 Raging, I move, like whirling Tops, around,  
 Which sportive Boys keep giddy on the Ground.

Punish my Pride, and teach me, by my Pain,  
 To use my Mistress in an humbler Strain.  
 Yet spare me ; by our Joys I beg for Grace,  
 By *Venus*, by Thy own more lovely Face !

For I, when wasting Sicknefs seiz'd my Fair,  
Sav'd the Dear Suff'rer by my happy Pray'r ;  
Then, when the *Beldam*, with extended Arms,  
Stretch'd on the Ground, and mutter'd o'er her Charms,  
I purify'd Thee round with Sulph'rous Streams,  
I burnt the Barley-Cake to guard Thy Dreams.  
Nine Times, all loofely drest, with Vows Divine  
At Midnight I address'd *Diana's Shrine*.  
All Things I did, that could my Passion prove,  
And yet, — Another now enjoys my Love,  
His is the Harvest of my constant Cares,  
And His the Fruit of my successful Pray'rs.

But I, poor Wretch, if Thou wert well again,  
Flatter'd my self with Golden Dreams, in vain, —  
I fancy'd how I would from Town retreat,  
And carry *Delia* to my Country-Seat.  
She will, I cry'd, o'erlook my Harvest-Store,  
While the full Ears are grinding on the Floor.

She, while the Workmen at the Vintage toil,  
 Will guard the Casks, and on the Pressers smile:  
 Or learn to count my Flock upon the Plain,  
 Or grow familiar with my Household Train:  
 Hear my Slaves prattle, let the playful Boy  
 Lean on her Breast, and with his Mistress toy:  
 Or condescend to learn, at leisure Hours,  
 To bring fit Off'rings to the Rural Pow'rs;  
 Grapes at the Vintage, Corn at Harvest bear,  
 And give a Victim for the woolly Care.  
 May She rule all my House, I careless roam,  
 Happy in being *No Body* at Home!  
 Hither shalt thou, *Messala*, come; for Thee  
*Delia* shall cull the Fairest, Choicest Tree:  
 She, with Officious Pride, shall still attend,  
 And spread the Table for my noble Friend:  
 And, in Regard of his exalted State,  
 Herself turn Servant, and in Person wait.  
 Such was the Scheme of Pleasure I design'd,  
 But, ah! my Pray'rs are scatter'd by the Wind.

Since

Since This, I try'd to drink away my Cares;  
 But cruel Grief turn'd ev'ry Draught to Tears.  
 As often have I try'd Another's Kifs;  
 But, in the Moment of approaching Blifs,  
*Venus* reminded Me of *Delia's* Charms,  
 And left me languid in the Fair One's Arms.  
 The disappointed *Dame* my Weakness tells,  
 Then says, that I am curs'd by Magick Spells.  
 And curs'd I am; my Curses are the Charms  
 Of *Delia's* Hair, and Neck, and waxen Arms.  
 Such was fair *Tbetis*, when the Sea-green *Dame*  
 To *Peleus* on a bridled *Dolphin* came.

But my Misfortune is, a Wealthy Fool,  
 And a damn'd Bawd, have made me *Delia's* Tool.  
 For the damn'd Bawd, may Poison taint her Blood,  
 May rotten Carcasses be all her Food!  
 May Screech-Owls fright her with their Midnight  
 (Cries,  
 And wailing Spectres skim before her Eyes!

May

May She the bitter Pangs of Hunger feel,  
Rob Dog-Kennels, and Graves, to make a Meal!  
May She howl Mad, and Naked thro' the Town,  
And rav'nous Blood-Hounds hunt the *Beldam* down!

This to the *Bawd*. Ye Gods, regard my Pray'r,  
And, lo! they do: For Lovers are their Care,  
Neglected Truth a sure Resentment draws,  
And *Venus* will revenge the faithful Cause.

But Thou, my Fair, the *Bawd's* Advice remove,  
For Gold and Presents are the Bane of Love.  
The *Poor* will ever on thy Side attend,  
The truest Lover, and sincerest Friend;  
He'll be your Guard, conduct you safe along,  
Free from the Rudeness of the pressing Throng.  
He, to conceal your Pleasures, will descend,  
Nay, help Undress you for a private Friend.  
Alas! I sing in vain; in vain I wait;  
Money, not Words, must move the stubborn Gate.

But Thou, now happy in my *Delia's* Smiles,  
 I warn Thee, fence against thy Rival's Wiles :  
 Fortune is light, and often changes Hands ;  
 Ev'n Now, with some Design, *that* Fellow stands,  
 Who watches at her Gate with careful Eyes,  
 And now before, and now behind Him spies ;  
 Passes the House with a pretended Haste,  
 And in a little Time returns as fast,  
 And hems, before the Door, at ev'ry Cast.  
 Inventive Love designs some artful Plot,  
 Some Stratagem of War, I know not What.  
 But you improve your Minutes while you may,  
 Yet know, you *Anchor* in a doubtful Bay.





A Teller to Our Food.

A N

## A P O L O G Y

F O R

Loving a *Widow*.

**T**ELL me not *Celia* once did Bless  
 Another Mortal's Arms ;  
 That cannot make *My* Passion less,  
 Nor mitigate *Her* Charms.

Shall I refuse to quench *My* Thirst,  
 Depending Life to save,  
 Because some doughty Shepherd first  
 Has kiss'd the smiling Wave ?

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,  
And suits a Noble Blood,  
To have in *Love*, as well as *State*,  
A *Taster* to Our *Food*.



TO ROME brought Shepherd full

That kiss'd the smiling Wave;



# PROLOGUE

TO THE

CRUEL GIFT, a Tragedy.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

*Written in the Year 1717.*

**T**HIS Play (I wonder how the Thing could hold!)

Is, if I reckon right, Two Winters old;  
 It should have courted you the last hard Frost,  
 But you in *Ice* and *Politicks* were lost,  
 Two flipp'ry *Things*—Some know it to their Cost.  
 The prudent Mother, therefore, with good Reason,  
 Wean'd not this Child before a better Season:  
 Well-pleas'd, she fees the Madness of the Age  
 Spent in an Impotent Successless Rage.

From

From civil Life transfer your Horrors *here*,  
And give to *Tragedy* its proper Sphere.

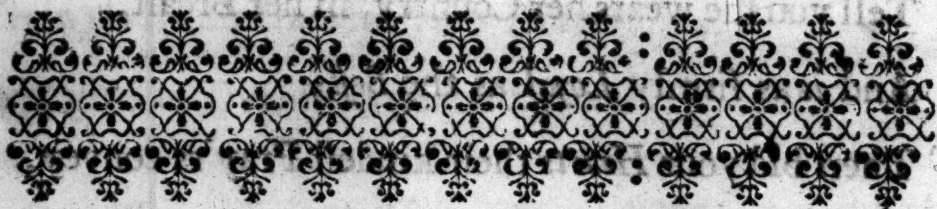
Our *Woman* says, for 'tis a *Woman's Wit*, \*  
(That *single Word* will gain us half the *Pit*)  
This is her first Attempt in *Tragick-Stuff*;  
And here's *Intrigue*, and *Plot*, and *Love* enough.  
The Devil's in it, if the *Sex* can't write  
Those Things in which *They* take the most Delight;  
If she has touch'd these *Scenes* with artful Care,  
Be kind, and all her smaller Failings spare.  
The *Ladies* sure will ease a *Woman's Fears*  
For common *Pity's* Sake, the *Men* for *Theirs*.

On *Hopes* like these her *Tragedy* depends,  
Not on confed'rate Clubs of clapping *Friends*,  
Dispos'd in *Parties* to support her Cause,  
And Bully you by *Noise* into *Applause*.  
If she must sue, she scorns those vulgar *Arts*,  
But fain by nobler *Means* would win your *Hearts*;

Tell

Tell you she wears her Country in her Breast,  
And is as firmly *Loyal* as the *Best*;  
Then bid your *Hearts* their kindest Pray'rs convey,  
And meet your coming *Monarch* on his Way;  
Who, from one Peaceful Journey, brings us more  
Than our long List of Conq'ring *Kings* before;  
For ne'er did *Britain's* Hopes so highly Tow'r,  
Or promise such a glorious Stretch of Pow'r,  
As on that Day, which shall to Council bring  
The *Bravest* Senate, and the *Greatest* King;  
Whose rip'ning Schemes shall distant Nation's Rule,  
Make *Tyrants* Tremble, and *Divans* grow Cool:  
To *Britain's* Ensigns then, as They Decree,  
The World shall strike by *Land*, as well as *Sea*.





# EPILOGUE

TO THE

*Artful Husband, a Comedy.*

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

**G** Allants, without a Length of Formal Speeches,  
How did you like Me in my Sparkish Breeches?

Did not my Motions promise Manly Pleasure,

And seem to signify much Hidden Treasure?

Alas! alas! my Buxom Widow thought

She had a Bargain in the *Thing* she bought.

You all well know their Consciences, but still

It is the Trial proves the Fencer's Skill:

And when it came to That, upon my Word,

I wav'd the Fight, because I had no *Sword*.

Oh!

O! 'twas a lovely Scene between us Two,  
When Stocking tofs'd, the Company withdrew.  
How oft my wishing Widow cry'd, *My Dear,*  
And tofs'd, and sigh'd, and whisper'd in my Ear;  
While I, pretending Sleep, the Pillow press'd,  
And left my *Phanix* burning in her Nest.  
You saw how in the Morning she behav'd,  
True to her Sex, how like a Wife she rav'd:  
The Copy of those Lectures at your Houses,  
From the shrill Tongues of disappointed Spouses.  
Well, when that Part was over, something still  
Was wanting to compleat a *Woman's Will*,  
To change the Words, *For Better and for Worse*,  
Into the comfortable Sound, *Divorce*.  
This I perform'd too with that dext'rous Art,  
I got Two Fortunes, and One Lover's Heart.

No more, ye Beauties, then these Shifts despise,  
But stoop to wear the *Breeches* deep Disguise.

If *before* Wedlock they deserve this Praise,  
 You're sure to wear 'em *after*, all your Days.  
 But now the Secret's out, and it is plain  
 That I am downright *Woman* once again.  
 You *Men* are fancying the Ways and Means  
 To prove the Truth of this behind the Scenes:  
 But work not faith the Cunning of your Brains,  
 You'll have but just your Labour for your Pains;  
 For it is hard, if I, who you all know  
 Have bit a *Widow*, cannot bite a *Beau*.





*To Major PACK, upon Reading  
his POEMS.*

**S**Way'd by the vulgar Tide, (forgive the Wrong)  
 I thought before I heard your pow'rful Song,  
 In noisy *War* the Muses Voice was Mute,  
 Nor hop'd to find the *Trumpet* near the *Lute*.  
 But now I see, from thy melodious Lays,  
 The *Laurel* well may mingle with the *Rays*;  
 The *Warriour's Oak* may tremble on the *Crest*,  
 And yet the *Lover's Myrtle* shade the *Breast*.

*Minerva* thus in *Homer's Camp* is seen;  
 How the Maid threatens with a Warlike Mien;  
 Now in soft Words perswades the giddy Throng,  
 And melts in Musick on *Ulysses's Tongue*.

So on the Bosom of the *Thames* unite  
The Fruits of gentle *Peace*, and Pomp of *Fight*.  
Here breathe the Spicy Gums from *India's* Shores,  
In Thunder there the *Royal Navy* Roars.

May *Britain* never want such Sons as you,  
To Fight her Battels, and Record them too.  
*Tyrtaus* so led *Sparta's* Soldiers on,  
Then sung the Trophies which himself had won.  
Be this thy Double Praise; While we commend  
The *Wars* you Write, the *Freedom* you Defend.

F I N I S.

6 MA 50





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